

# Oxford

# Democrat.

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**THE STORY TELLER,**

(From New's Saturday Gazette.)

**THE REMAPO PASS,\*  
A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.**

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

## CHAPTER I.

"For thou art freedom's now, and Fame's  
One of the few, immortal names,  
That were not born to die!"—HAILLECK.

The summer of 1781 opened with a better prospect of success to the cause of human freedom, than even its most enthusiastic supporters had dared to anticipate. It was evident to all that the war, protracted to more than seven years, must soon be brought to close; that a handful of people, who had so long struggled and bled for their country, must soon cease from their toil, or lose the hope of emancipation, the cherished desire to become a nation; for cold, and hunger, and nakedness had dogged the footsteps of the war, and threatened to annihilate them altogether. We are called a braggart people, where Fourth of July orations are one universal out-break of national laudation. Let it be so. We, who in our day of small things, when we were held in derision by our foes, and when we even to the trust and stouthearted hearts amongst us, seemed but the Forlorn Hope in the vanguard of a dismally armed people—we, who thus despaired not, and finally triumphed, have a right to glory in the past, a right to raise our shout of exultation the length and breadth of our fair inheritance, that our children hearing, may learn to emulate the actions which hath made us great as a people.

Thanks to the living God, that it was not amid the stunted and down-trodden nations of the old world, that we were called to achieve a national victory, else might the fate of France, of Poland, and of Greece, have been ours; made sanguinary by unaccustomed liberty, we might have rivalled the ferocious Parisian, or hemmed in by overwhelming powers, have been dismembered, and scattered; and be left to nations, what the torso of a Hercules is amid the feeble proportions of statuary; or again, be suffered to exist only because helpless and protected.

No, the whole world had been verging to that point when a nation should be born in a day. Men from all parts of Europe, cast of feeling a wrong, or of appreciating a good, had sought a new portion of the great earth, where man's ancient features and man's untamed soul were signed to cast the human mold in a larger mould. Whether in the field of philanthropy, commerce, or the more base of adventure—whatever the motive for going forth, they argued courage and individuality of character which must have left its impress upon the generations succeeding. From Maine to Georgia it was the same; Huguenot or Puritan, Cavalier or Burgher, each carried the seeds of a new order of things, each learned to spurn oppression as monstrous to the soul. The necessities of their condition had taught them self-reliance, had imparted a sturdy manliness able to stand for the right.

Now the battle-cry of Lexington had been echoed and re-echoed from North to South—Each and every State had been watered with the blood of the Patriot; sacred and holy were the drops which leapt the land to eternal freedom—the ashes of cities—little ones, it is true, but hereafter to shake the earth like Leaven—the ashes of our towns and villages had ascended in the face of heaven to call down the day of retribution. A needy and ill-equipped ill-disciplined army, an army of boys, indeed—it is well known that every true patriot sent forth his household cheerfully to the contest, and striplings of sixteen and eighteen crowded the ranks—had made themselves heard in many a hard-contested field. Bunker Hill and Bennington, Saratoga, Trenton and Camden, were but the higher point in the mounds of our battle-fields, and now it remained to strike the final blow which should decide at once the fate of the country.

It was evident that whatever might be the result, the feelings of our people had been fully outraged for anything like sympathy to exist between us and our oppressors. We must be totally and entirely separated from them as a government, or be reduced to that unnatural complaisance enforced by power over unwilling minds, which, covering the rankling and mouldering elements of revenge, are liable at any moment to break forth, or if subdued, having the effect to harrow and brutalize the national character.

The campaign of the Southern army under \*Remapo is the conquest of a fine old Indian town, and should be split Remapoo. Persons living in the vicinity tell me the old name of the place has the name so written. What is the name of Remapo Pass, through which flows the stream of the Remapo? It was and is still called by the Dutch the "Cleave."

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, February 15, 1846.

Old Series, No. 51, Volume 16.

Greene, had been, on the whole, favorable to our cause, and though Fabian in the greater part of its movements, had not failed to give evidence of power. The allied French forces were ready to co-operate wherever the wisdom of Washington should direct; and it remained for him to decide whether his movements should threaten Sir Henry Clinton in his position at New York, or be directed against the vaunting Cornwallis, who had stationed himself at the two points of Yorktown and Gloucester. The stress of the time, the evident crisis of events, which now became apparent, rendered the greatest circumspection requisite; as the least false step might plunge the army into disaster and ruin. It was a period of terrible and intense anxiety; on its issue depended the fate of the country, and the hopes of the patriot. The skillful management of events should prove whether the past had been the disorderly, accidental movements of a restless and turbulent class of men, opposed to the wholesome discipline of government, or had been the wise, concentrated and resolute action of a people, determined at all hazards to hold fast to the privileges of freemen.

The calm mind of Washington took in all with its rare comprehensiveness, and came to results on one wise and for the general good. Either, his movements had been such as to lead Sir Henry Clinton to suppose that New York would be the unquestioned point of attack; and the impression had given to our own army, that the taking of New York had become the familiar gossip of the camp. It had been thus determined by a council of officers; but the subsequent reinforcement of the English army at the above named place, together with certain operations of the French fleet, had introduced a new feature, and led to a change of measures, a change known only to the few, and studiously concealed from the army at large.

## CHAPTER II.

For here amidst these woods did he keep court,  
One who slighted not the common crowd  
Of heroes, who above for Fame have fought,  
Are like the patriarch's sheaves to heaven's chosen  
boye.

Ho! who his country's eagle taught to soar,  
And bade those stars, which shone o'er every shore,

Anxious as was the period of which we are treating, it was, as we have said, one full of hope. The revolt of the Pennsylvania militia at Morristown, and the subsequent mutinous rising of the Jersey corps, while they for a moment spread dismay through the country and increased the already overwhelming burdens of the Commander-in-Chief, had yet a bright side, and served to develop into stronger light the noble materials of which the army was made. Though impure with the most flattering offers of pardon and emolument from the British, their liberty and exemption from military service fully guaranteed, they not only rejected such proposals, but delivered the emissaries of Sir Henry Clinton up to the Commander to be dealt with according to the usages of the war. They loved the cause and the country none the less, but pained by suffering, had resolved to start Congress from its lukewarmness in regard to them.

Severe as was the crisis to the country at large, the individual trial was most heavily felt by Washington himself. He saw that another such winter would sink the hopes of the country. Added to these emergencies the aid of the French naval power had been far from efficient or salutary. There certainly had been too much disposition for independent action; a latent feeling of vanity prompting to single trials of prowess between English and French arms, rather than combined and concentrated co-operation with the tactics of our army. Washington felt all this, and by the most strenuous efforts, and the most skilful reasoning, counteracted the evil.

He labored day and night, vigilant for every department of interest, and sustaining a correspondence wonderful alike for its voluminousness and stand for the right.

Now the battle-cry of Lexington had been

and harmonious proportions, the hair slightly thinned about the temples, and flecked with the touches of frost. As the light stole downward, leaving a halo upon the severely contracted and noble brow, it shewed to the thoughtful depth of clear, almost melancholy eyes and left the strongly compressed lips nearly pale below.

As he perused his hair, his hand instinctively grasped his chin, now with a pliant, quick touch as seen in the pictures of David with a firm grasp, the fingers spreading upon the side of the cheek and throat, an attitude which indicated, not only a firmness of general character, but a concentration of purpose for the present contingency.\*

He had just received dispatches from General Lee, by the way of Morristown, where a portion of the northern army was located, by which he learned that Sir Henry Clinton, anticipating an attack of the allied armies upon the city of New York, had withdrawn a part of the forces of Cornwallis at Yorktown—this, too, at a time when the army of General Greene was making its way to the north. Washington saw at once the importance of a change of operations. The American troops, suffering and enfeebled, were but able to compete with a superior and high spirited foe, and it became doubly a measure not only of feeling but humanity, to spare them the hazard of loss as well as defeat! Every man was needed to the country, and every moment important in the cause.

He resolved at once to concentrate all the force of the allied armies against Cornwallis, leaving Sir Henry Clinton unmolested in the city of New York, conceiving that a bold and successful campaign in Virginia, would decide the fate of the war, with less waste of blood, and less hazard to the cause than an attack against Sir Henry. In order to do this it was essential to leave the impression still upon the mind of the mind of the latter, that the movements of the army were designed against himself. He was now busy in preparing dispatches to the various points of the American army, demanding their co-operation, as also to the commander of the French Fleet, directing him to repair to the Chesapeake.

The inmates of the house were buried in slumber, except the personal friend and aid of Washington, the accomplished Hamilton, who walked back and forth upon the piazza, waiting till the labor of the great man should cease. As he thus moved, occasionally immersing into the moonlight, and looking out upon the broad waters of the Hudson leaving up silver wavelets to the night, he looked less like the counsellor of a statesman and soldier, than a young cavalier whose gallant bearing betrayed the dreams of ambition, and whose silken curls and intellectual head, told that whether in lady's bower or tented field, or stirring forum, the products of those dreams might well be realized.

A slight signal from within called him to the side of the Commander-in-Chief.

"Hamilton I see nothing wanting to our entire success but one further effort, and that is the delusion of Clinton, and that can only be effected by withdrawing the fleet from the Chesapeake."

"True," returned the young man, "but our messenger will do this."

"That is the point. Can we not be one trusty and willing?"

Hamilton shrugged his shoulders. "We have trusty men in abundance, dear General—but a solitary man to risk the certain hazard of a score of bullets requires peculiar mettle."

Washington's hand had been for some moments pressed over his lips so that the expression there could not be detected; but the fine, open countenance of Hamilton betrayed a pang which might have been a foretaste of his subsequent doom. He leaned his head upon the table and sinking his forehead into the palm of his hand, but was a moment silent.

"It is to be done, Hamilton," said Washington in a low voice.

"I have been thinking of one, a noble fellow, crossed in love, too, which will make him qualified to the future, at least for a while. It isn't necessary to tell him more than that he is to take paper a certain route, to a certain destination."

This time Washington's features contracted sharply, and his face assumed that rigid aspect so often seen in drawings of him.

"It is the necessity of war, Hamilton: every man must take his life in his hands in times like these."

"I am thinking Blanch is just the man—you may have seen him with me, a fine, handsome youth, who has taken the wrong side in the war, according to history mistress."

"It is necessary to use dispatch—by tomorrow we must be on the move."

"I make no doubt Blanch is awake now; there is nothing remarkable as your disengaged lover, I will send for him directly—and it may be we shall do double service—one to the country first, and secondly, awake his fair-kidnapped lady to a sense of what she is in a fair train of losing."

The young man spoke lightly, but the estimation in which he held Wendell Blanch showed conclusively that the best spirit, both for man and country, lurked beneath.

\*The author would here remark that she very much struck him as being like Ruth in the morning after the "McKinley Night," in which Custer represented in this attitude of the hand, a position betrayed; of course the difficulties of life, and the firmness to meet it.

CHAPTER III.

Yet nerve thy spirit for the proof,  
And blanch not at thy chosen lot;  
The timid good may stand aloof—  
The sage may frown—faint thou not.

Truth, cripled to earth, shall rise again:  
The aged parent of God is hers;

In Earth, woman, writes in pain,

And dies on 't' his wo-lipers.—BRYANT.

A short time since I ushered the young man into the presence of Washington. He was a mere youth, with an oval face, as yet ungrieved by a beard, and brown wavy hair clustering abundantly about his high, but somewhat narrow forehead. Brows as fairly defined as those of a girl overlooked a full grey eye, which appeared black in the shadow of his long curved lashes. A nose slightly aquiline gave an appearance of spirit to a face which otherwise might have seemed too gentle—he was tall and lightly made, with an air at once proud, yet respectable.

Washington regarded the youth with an evident look of surprised admiration, and then glanced almost reproachfully at Hamilton, as if he would say "the sacrifice is too great." It may be that the shadow of the unfortunate Andre, so justly but painfully doomed, flitted before his mind's eye—whatever it might have been, he stayed to affix his signature to a document, which he did, and then pushed the paper aside. Looking steadfastly in the face of the youth, he began—

"It is no ordinary man that must serve on this occasion. You remember the devotion of Sergeant Champ?"

Blanch started with something like impatience, and answered with a boldness and promptitude which carried its own charm.

"General, we all love and reverence you—thou art not one in the ranks who is ready to lay down his life first for his country, next for your excellency—but to save time, I must declare, I for one can go on no service that will cast a stain upon my good name."

Washington now gave a gesture of impatience.

"Young man—I honor your sentiments."

"In ordinary times they are all that is essential—but now we need men who can forget all—for

kindred and friends, for country."

Turning to Hamilton he continued, "Time wears—can you divine nothing further?"

Hamilton touched the shoulder of Blanch, and they turned to the window, while Washington followed them with his eyes, his face assuming an expression of intense melancholy—both were evidently beautiful—both were in the flush of youth, and as they stood in the pale light of the moon, there was something still and unearthly in their sharp outlines, as if coming events cast their shadows before" and invested each with a strange interest.

Hamilton would have spoken—but Blanch leaned his shoulder against the window frame, and with a faint smile broke the silence—

"Say nothing, my friend. Washington has made the only possible plan. Let me have ten minutes to think, and tell me when they are next."

During the first moment of his general silence, Blanch clasped his arms around the neck of his friend, and said, "God bless you, Blanch."

The young man stepped out upon the piazza, where, leaning his back to the wall, he firmly clasped his arms to his breast, and his eyes peered into the distance without being fixed by any object. It would be difficult to follow the train of thought as image after image arose to his mind. The gesture of Hamilton had impressed him to a degree of tenderness, and the first gushings of emotion went forth to his mistress. True, she was capricious, scornful and petulant, but when did ever love ask counsel of wisdom? Many were the discreet, comely, appreciating maidens of the neighborhood, but they lacked the undefined graces of Katrina Mercein, who queen'd over her admirers with an easy assurance that kept up a perpetual rivalry amongst the youth of the village. Notwithstanding this, she honored Wendell Blanch with such an exuberance of freakishness, wit, and smiles, that all regarded him as the favored lover.

"True, that very day she had spoken scornfully, even harshly, if voice so sweet and lips so fair could be thus dispensed. She had stigmatized the cause so dear in the heart of Blanch as rebellious, treasonable and insane"—more than this: they, the supporters thereof, they, the half-clad and half-starving army, who had left the peace and the comfort of home, to march and counter march before a nobly equipped foe, to watch and fight and die—aye, die and be forgotten, leaving only the result of the conflict to brighten the hereafter—men like these! Katrina had stigmatized as a "ridiculous rabble," "a host of ragamuffins," who must soon grace the gibbet in return for their folly.

Blanch thought of these things bitterly—and his love waned as he recalled the scornful curve of her pretty lip, and the flashing of her bright eye coupled with words like these. He remembered that she had intimated that more than one British officer, (who had found the way to the house of her tory father) had spoken of himself with approval, and that wealth and promotion might be his by a change of service. He left no temptation here, rather a bitter scorn for himself, that anything should look absurd to him so.

He turned his cheek as the stardust and unworthy thought started across his mind; yet why expose his measures to the sure hazard of being known to the foe? The rute prescribed was unusual, circuitous, and the Pass of the Remapo in the hands of the enemy. Why not take the back road further to the North, which had been constructed expressly for the use of the troops, in order to keep the communication open between West Point and the Jerseys? Unable to solve the enigma, he was still resolved to act. At length a bright flush cast itself over his face, and a sad smile played with it as it broke the painful silence.

"I am proud, Wendell, of the favor shown you by the good General, but in order to merit it do not risk too much a life so—"

Her voice ceased, and the sentence remained incomplete, but the young man knew what was meant by the tears that fell upon his shoulder, and which the thin dress of the season rendered pale.

"Country and friends, dear mother," returned

Blanch, after a pause; "I feel as if all that I

base a thought. No, insignificant as he might be, he was all freedom's; doubly so when peril and shame were heaped upon her cause—doubly so when his own hopes were baffled.

Then appeared the image of Katrina, as she had sometimes appeared, gentle, winning and most womanly, and his mood softened. "She is worth the winning," he said to himself, "but I must not through her learn to despise myself."

Suddenly the thought of his mission, flashed like a pang through his nerves. He was as yet unaware of its precise import—he had only learned that some one superior to the ordinary soldier was necessary to sacrifice somewhat for the public good.

The bitterness of this trifling struck the heart of Hamilton, and he ventured a few low words to the Commander in Chief; but whatever might have been his suggestion, Washington shook his head, and continued bent over his papers in a manner that showed, however much he might rely upon the readiness and breadth of apprehension of his young friend in ordinary cases, where an emergency demanded simply firmness of purpose, involving few conflicting elements, he relied solely upon his own judgment. Waving his hand in a manner that showed the conference was, for the present, at an end, he sat absorbed in his great plans, long after those who had obeyed his counsel had retired.

## CHAPTER IV.

Love keeps in the warrior's heart,  
From the tip of a stooping plume;  
At the tired spear, and the merry men,  
The love of the country.

He'll come to his tent in the weary of night,  
And be with us by dream,

Like a fay on a silver beam.—N. P. WILLIS

can do, to yield my life even, were nothing to honor the one and prove my worthiness of the other.

A warm pressure of the mother's arms was the only response. At this moment the horse of Wendell was brought to the door, and she lifted her head.

"Go, my son, and God be with you," she whispered, not daring to trust herself with another look at his face.

Blanch was soon in the saddle, but as he turned away from the house, his horse stumbled. "Lord a mercy, massa, don't you go! cried Jake the black attendant. "The horse feel ill-luck, oh, gorry, massa, wait," and running on before, regard to his destined mission. Neither had conceived of the peril he was about to encounter, and now that nothing lay before him but his duty to his country, he rode on with free heart, losing his individual importance in the magnitude of the cause. Then he remembered the contempt of Katrina for this very cause, and again he felt himself a freer and stronger man as said to himself—

"Every thing is contemptible—every thing in life, in times like these, except the hopes of the free man. I will forget her, as I do myself."

Then the tear of Katrina glistened before his mind's eye, and he put spurs to his horse that he might waste the undue sensibility which it engendered by action. Wheeling his horse round an angle of a street he gave one last glance to the windows of old De Witt—there was the gleam of a white handkerchief from the window—the young man paused an instant, waved his hand in the air, and then passed on, ready to meet peril—it might be death.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

#### FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM FOREIGN NEWS-PAPERS.

From the London Times.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—There is something quite sublime in the spectacle presented by our consuls at New York. It is seldom that we find the flush of the conqueror and the gravity of the sage so gracefully combined. Having just subdued Mexico, or to speak more correctly, having just got some six or seven thousand men into the city of that name, and about as many more in certain other cities and positions of that remote and difficult country, the fellow citizens of Washington and Franklin recur with increased zest to their republican speculations, and gravely predict the downfall of Old England and her various usurpations. Reserving for themselves all their hopes, they give us the benefit of their prudence. There are a good many proverbs, domestic, sacred, and profane, which admonish the prudent to look at home, to cherish their own glass-houses, and to direct in their own doings, a little of that sharp sightedness which we are too apt to think intended for the instruction and correction of our neighbors. Whether these proverbs are still remembered in the United States among the very excellent L. S. d. maxims of Poor Richard, it is not in our power to say, but we apprehend that in the long run it will be found that such maxims have not lost by time, or by the passage across the Atlantic, any of that truth which they certainly possessed in the days of our forefathers.

The maiden slightly elevated her eyebrows, and tapped her foot lightly upon the step, as she replied—

"In good faith Mr. Wendell, I never know anything beyond the present moment, which I find abundantly pleasant! There was a roguish smile mingling with these words which induced the young man to dismount, and more than this, to take the hand of the little lady which he carried to his lips.

"Well and where do you carry that fine horse of yours, good hunter, noble hunter?" and he lavished endearments upon the horse as if to provoke the spleen of its master. "Now don't take him down to camp," she laughed, her silvery accent assuming a nasal twang, a species of mimicing, which could sit well only upon a pretty woman. Even this grated upon the ears of her lover who turned almost coldly away.

"I must not wait here, Miss Katrina, however pleasant it may be. But Miss De Witt, I must say, I could wish—oh, how earnestly, he resumed in a warmer tone, 'that our cause were as dear to your heart as it is mine. You do not you can not know the nobleness of the men who are struggling to make our country free. You know not the blood, the sacrifice—God forbid that you should know! but the time will come when it will be known, and then these men will seem little else than demi-gods.'

Katrina looked up into his face so admiringly, even tenderly, with trembling lip, that had not the youth been filled with the magnitude of the sentiment which now abhorred him, he would have spoken more tenderly, and more in reference to his fair listener. The maiden felt piqued and tapping her toe again upon the sill, she responded in a gay voice—

"Truth! Mr. Blanch—how bright. I did not think you had been so eloquent. Did I not regard loyalty as the jewel of virtues, one indeed which holds all others in harmony, you might convert me to your new system of doctrines."

"I know what you would imply, dear Katrina; this time the girl laid her hand upon the riding whip in the hands of her lover, and kept her lids bent downward—I know you would say that he who is disloyal to king, may be disloyal to love, is it not so?"

Katrina looked up with her arched smile—I cannot make speeches and commentaries both; but, truth to say, we were so content and secure before this terrible war, and the English off'er so courteous, that really I see no good in killing them."

Blanch laughed heartily at the simplicity of this pretty speech, from pretty lips, and then said,

"Aye, if that is all, Katrina, we won't quarrel. But now I know not when we shall meet again. Perhaps not till the fate of the country is decided."

A slight shudder passed over the face of Katrina which she clasped away with her usual oddness—and she enquired—

"Well, and where do all these gallant hot-tempered fellows charge?"—and she hummed in an under tone the words of Yankee Doodle—

"Blanch and I went down to the camp."

Blanch recoiled with real bitterness, and plucked one foot in the stirrup—

"Miss De Witt, God forbid that I should cross your track in the least. There is not—there can be no sympathy between us."

Katrina's fair brow reddened, and she even bit her lip—but the tears gushed to her eyes a moment after.

"Wendell, I dare say you are right. My sentiment of loyalty is as strong as yours that you call patriotism. I like not this facility of change."

Blanch would have replied—he would have answered to the tears rather than the words pipes in the street were severely handled. On

old De Witt was laid upon her shoulder, who drew her into the house, pouring out at the same time a mixture of Dutch, French and English invective against herself and the "rebel."

"Young rebel!" as he was wont to call Blanch.

Right glad was Wendell thus to have escaped

the scrutiny of both mother and mistress, in re-

gard to his destined mission. Neither had con-

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young man paused an instant, waved his hand in

the air, and then passed on, ready to meet per-

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(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

tack was made on the inhabitants by the sold-

iers, armed with bayonets and sabres, and a

great number were killed and wounded. The

massacre lasted six hours. Among the killed

was Mauganlin, an aged councilor of state.

The city was under the reign of terror—shops

and ware houses closed, streets and squares

empty. It was then sent to camp for assistance—

Upon the arrival of the messenger, some of the

Texan Rangers, who were already mounted, set

off to full run for the scene of the disturbance,

and arrived before the main body of the assas-

sins had time to escape. The revolver of the

Pennsylvania volunteers, dying from wounds in-

flicted with a knife, and one or two others slight-

ly hurt. It was then sent to camp for assistance—

Upon the arrival of the messenger, some of the

Mexicans killed. One of the rangers told me

he saw between 30 and 40 "dead executioners."

Yesterday, a small party of Col. C. F. Smith's

regiment of the army of the United States, the

guard of the city was fired on by a band

of robbers of guerrillas occupying a house in the

suburbs of the city. Not deeming their force

sufficient to assault the house, they took a position

that would prevent escape, and sent for a reinforce-

ment. The doors were then forced, and all its inmates captured except one, who jumped

out of the window, mounted a horse, and dashed

off at full speed. As he started off, he drew a

pistol and fired it back in the crowd, without

however, injuring any one. There was one of

more expeditiously towards the policy of

Pinckney, which is the policy most suited to

the Mexican States, than towards that of Austria, where the greater rate of legal interest is allowed.

The whigs declared that the abolition of Texas—its robbery, as they

call it, from Mexico—would dissolve our Union:

the Mexicans believed it. The whigs de-

clared that any law for its admission would have

no binding force on any one of the States: the

Mexicans have, hence, been straining their eyes

to see the amends here there is among them-

selves. Tom Corwin slanders our army and li-

hes his country: the simple-hearted Mexicans

clap their hands, circulate his speech among

them, and ask when Tom's pronouncements is

coming out against Mr. Polk. Now the whigs

in Congress are seriously resolving to withdraw

supplies from the army—to detain the ten regi-

ments to leave our brave army to itself."

When the Mexicans get news of this, what will

they say? What will they do? What effect

will such suicidal partisanship have on PEACE?

The answer is furnished by the gallant officers

who have fought in Mexico, and talked with

Mexican politicians, and who, therefore, are au-

thority in relation to the political sentiment of

Mexico. They tell us that these divided coun-

tries are doing and encouraging the Mexi-

cans to continue the war. These things are

worth remembering, for they are stubborn facts.

We quote a few of the latest of these testimo-

nies. General Pierce says—

"The course a very large number of the pub-

lic presses in the United States has pursued,

created obstacles to peace. Mexican papers

are filled with articles and speeches from

United States, denouncing the war on our part,

and justifying Mexico. The Mexican editors

publish them with the remark that nothing re-

mains to be added by them to make out the jus-

tice of their course towards the United States.

On the same day that he saw in a Jalapa paper

a whole page of extracts from American papers,

he saw stuck up on the trees the proclamation

of Gen. Santa Anna to the guerrillas, ending with the

watchword, 'Death to the Yankees, without mercy.'

This was furnished from our own

country the food which fed the army that

persecuted the army at every turn, and caused

the butchering of every soldier who fell into

their hands. In the office of the Secretary in

Mexico, extracts from American papers were

found tied away in the pigeon holes. They had

been used in framing their proclamations.

Should the Mexicans find the Americans

standing together on the question of the war,

peace would follow almost instantaneously.

An opportunity is now presented to make peace,

by strengthening the hands of President Herrera

and the peace party, who have obtained a ma-

jority in the congress.

Capt. Joseph A. Yancey of the New Jersey

volunteers in a letter from Reynosa, Mexico,

Dec. 29, 1847, writes in plain terms on this

point. He says—

"What can we expect of Mexicans, when

they are daily encouraged by thousands, and

We find the following unique production at the close of the first Volume of Probate Records ever kept in this County. Its peculiar style will no doubt betray its author to many of our readers acquainted with him. He was the first Register of Probate for Oxford County. We copy it for the amusement of our readers, and should any of them preserve the Democrat till 1809, some one may re-copy it as a centennial relic.

"Be it known to all Critics, Cavillers, and Quibblers, that the foregoing Records are executed in high style, considering the lean, pitiful compensation made to the Register, whose fees will not enable his administrator to defray the expense of brushing over his Pine Box with Vinegar and Lamp Black!"

"Noted, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1809.—

The immense improvements of the Territory now called "Oxford County," may be easily anticipated in the prospective of the ensuing Century—but the good people of 1809 must be somewhat puzzled to imagine, with any degree of correctness, the mixed and contrasting state of our little world at the present period. The above unlucky blot is truly indicative of the Jacobinical Democratic aspect of Oxford, at the present day.—Worthy Citizens, (alas subjects) of 1809! that you will undoubtedly deem it incredible, that in 1809, it was impossible to get a chaise thro' Loyal to Waterford; that the way was scarcely passable for a single horse; and that in passing from Freyburg Academy to Paris Meeting-house, we are obliged to travel about forty miles; and in our course to travel about two miles northward of Waterford Meeting-house; (now a little westerly of the Pond by Longley's Common) that we then get over to the northern extremity of what is now called "Norway Ridge," at "Fuller's Corner," so called; we then travel southward over Norway Ridge and down to "Norway Village," at the out-set of the Pond; thence to Stowell's Mills; thence we turn to the north, and gallop with all possible speed up to Paris Meeting-house, which we are obliged to occupy to prove the "Sovereign People" guilty of all manner of abominations; and in this Sanctum Ecclesiastarium, it is adjudged, that their bodies be scourged for the edification of their souls!!!!"

\*A large blot at the head of the page, accidentally made by spilling ink.

REPRESENTATIVE ELECTED. At the last trial in Livermore, James Chase, Abolit. Ionist was elected Representative to the next Legislature.

The House now stands 101 Democrats, 45 Federalists. Five districts not having made a choice.

THE INDEPENDENT COBDEN, the British free trader, gives the tories of England great trouble. The London Herald keeps up its stream of vile abuse of him, and thus testifies to his importance.

Colden's work is not half done yet, unless like Burke and Brougham and numbers of British popular advocates, he allows the baffle of a pension or a peerage to swallow up his patriotism.

IT is almost incredible that Rev. Mr. Kendall, who has \$400 salary in Verona, N. Y., has refused a call from the Spring St. City Church, with a salary of \$1500; and yet story is being circulated by all the papers without contradiction or doubt of its truth from any.

THE PHILADELPHIA Saturday Courier establishment was put up for sale at auction one week ago last Friday. The auctioneer proposed to start at \$100,000, nobody responding, he came down to \$15,000, at which an offer was made. After dwelling for some time upon this one bid, the property was struck off to the bidder, Mr. McMakin, one of the former proprietors. The property was valued on the appraisement, a few months since, at \$60,000.

IT is stated that Gen. Scott preferred no charges against Gen. Worth, but merely reported him as under arrest for contemptuous language, and that as it was not proposed to bring him to trial, the department could not do otherwise than order his release.

GEN. SCOTT.—It is ascertained beyond a doubt, the Washington Whig says, that Gen. Scott has been recalled at his own request, and will return immediately after the adjournment of the Court of Inquiry.

THE RICHEST man in St. Thomas, one of the principal ports in the West Indies, is a negro as black as ebony. He is said to be worth not less than three millions of dollars, and has acquired his wealth by trafficking in his own color.

MADAM.—said a snarling son of Esculapius, if women were admitted into paradise their tongues would make it a purgatory. "And some physicians, if allowed to practice there," retorted the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

THE WHILE British philanthropists are bellowing about American Slavery, there are those in their own country so poor that they kill their own children to obtain the burial fees, as that is all that stands between them and starvation.

THE EDITOR of the New York Mirror calls a ticket with Clay on it for President, and Taylor for Vice President, a kangaroo ticket—all its strength being in its hind legs.

IF you cannot be a true Christian, then be a man of the world. Do not assume the garb of a religious man, unless you can be a genuine one.

WHY was the capture of the city of Mexico like the novel "Ivanhoe"? Because it was Scott's best work.

#### THE LINE POLICY.

We had the pleasure of meeting an intelligent officer to-day, from the army, who seemed thoroughly acquainted with the Mexican character and views. He contended that our true policy was to prosecute the war with energy—to make it bear down upon the people, that it might feel its effects—in a word, that we must conquer as much as we could command with all the means in our power, and then, with the aid of what we might possess, to compel the Mexicans to grant us an honorable peace and a fair indemnity.—He argued with great force that we ought not to confine ourselves to a defensive line, but that we ought to conquer capital after capital, and State after State; and when we have brought this miserable race to feel the full calamities of the war, and compelled them to make peace, we might abandon every thing that was not comprehended in the indemnity line.

The country cannot have forgotten the eloquent letter which Gen. Quitman addressed to a senator of the United States upon the best mode of terminating the war, in which he contended that we should never surrender the capital, or the road to Vera Cruz, before we had made a treaty of peace; that if we abandoned the city, which had such a controlling influence over all Mexico, the military officers would again flock to it, and there reunite and reorganize their forces, and pour back the tide of war upon us; or, if they could not agree together, but fall into new dissensions, that some foreign power might be invited, and induced to step in to adjust their differences and dictate laws to the whole of Mexico. Such were the views of one of the most experienced and accomplished of our officers.

Any defensive line—much less one which excludes the possession of the capital and the intermediate country to the coast, and Vera Cruz and the castle—does not appear to be the true policy for us to pursue. It meets neither with the general approbation of the gentlemen of the army nor of the citizens at home.—Union.

THE NEW YORK correspondent of the Washington Union says.—The good feeling between the Clay and Taylor sections of the whig party increases daily. A prominent and well known Clay man yesterday, in my hearing, and in that of some well known Taylor men, denounced the whole movement in the bitterest terms, as sustained solely by a knot of "gentle old gamblers and rousers," who have their head-quarters at the Union Club, Broadway; and by the off-scorings and dregs deposited by the subsiding puddle of Nativism.

TEXAS A FREE STATE. A highly intelligent correspondent of the Christian Watchman writing from Washington, thus speaks of the prospect of Texas soon becoming a free State:—

I have good reason to believe that Texas is to become a free State at no distant day! This comes to me from a gentleman of Texas, in whose means of knowing, and ability to form just opinions, I have great confidence. He says that the Germans now coming by ship-load, and settling under the supervision of the agents of their princes and nobles, who have obtained large tracts of land, are to a man, opposed to slavery, and this has already been manifested in their local elections, and indeed, that Governor Houston was compelled, by the force of popular opinion, to divest himself of his slaves, in order to secure his re-election to the U. S. Senate.

THE GOVERNOR of New Hampshire has pawned Zebulon Paine, of Conway, from the State Prison, to which he was sentenced in 1810, for eight years, for having set fire to a barn. He was convicted on the testimony of a boy who was admitted as State's evidence. It now appears, by a confession of the boy, that he was the guilty one, and that Mr. Paine was wholly innocent.

A GENTLEMAN meeting one of his friends who was insolent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "You are mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply, "tis not I, it is my creditors who are embarrassed."

WHEN the question was agitated in London, which would be the safest place to put Napoleon, so that he could not get out, a gentleman who had a long suit pending advised ministers to put him in a court of chancery.

A GENTLEMAN walking through the streets of Mexico, saw a soldier sitting on the steps of a portico gambling with dice. Do you know it is wrong to bathe the bones? said he. How can I help it, replied the man, I'm one of the skeleton regiment.

FATAL ACCIDENT. Mr. Hezekiah Walker, a resident of Peru, Oxford county, Me. (formerly of Palermo) went to his barn on the evening of the 28th ult. to feed his cattle. While in the haymow he made a mis-step, and fell to the lower floor, striking on the back of his head, fracturing his skull and killing him instantly!—He was a man held in high esteem for his amiable character, and was one of the leading men of Peru. He was between 60 and 70 years of age.

THE PRESIDENT of the United States has signed a bill with Clay on it for President, and Taylor for Vice President, a kangaroo ticket—all its strength being in its hind legs.

THE POSTMASTER General estimates the number of free letters that pass through the Post Offices of the United States at about five million every year.

THE NORTHERN ADVOCATE states that the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church during the last year, have decreased nearly 24,000.

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WHY was the capture of the city of Mexico like the novel "Ivanhoe"? Because it was Scott's best work.

#### DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.

The greatest depth to which the ocean has been penetrated is 4,800 fathoms, or 27,600 feet (about five miles and a quarter); no bottom was obtained. This was the result of an experiment by Capt. Ross, in lat. 15 S. and 23 W. longitude.—Several experiments have been made at other points, and some with success; bottom being obtained in apparent mid-ocean in between 12,000 and 18,000 feet (from two miles and nearly a third, to about three and two-thirds.) The ocean has been penetrated in too few places to afford any interesting geological results may be elicited and are connected with these experiments. Sufficient facts have been developed to prove that the inequalities of the level of the ocean's bed are much more remarkable than those of the land.

THE VIRGINIA House of Delegates has passed resolutions unanimously voting a gold medal, with a suitable inscription, to Major Gen. Winfield Scott, for his recent services in Mexico.

THE AUGUSTA Farmer says—Judge Rice commenced his official duties at the sitting of the District Court in Belfast, on Tuesday.

THE AMOUNT of specie imported and entered at the Custom House at this port during the week ending Feb. 5, was \$17,675. The amount exported during the week was \$2659. [Boston Traveller.]

THE MARRIAGE. My love, says Mrs. Fozzie to her husband, oblige we with twenty dollars to-day to purchase a new dress.

SHANT do any such thing, Agnes—you called me a bear yesterday!

Law, love, that was nothing—I meant by it you were very fond of hugging.

You're a saucy little puss (sound heard like the explosion of a pistol,) but here's a fifty."

Precious but Fragile. The two most precious things on this side the grave are reputation and life. Yet it is to be regretted that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of one, and the weapon of the other.

SUDEN CHANGES. There is nothing more trying to the human constitution than the sudden changes of weather. Heat varifies the blood, and increases the perspiration; but when suddenly checked, those humors which should pass off by the skin are thrown off inwardly, causing coughs, colds, consumption, difficulty of breathing, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, and many other complaints.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are a delightful medicine for carrying off a cold—because they expel from the body those humors which are the cause of the above complaints.

Four or five small Indian Vegetable Pills taken every night going to bed will in a few days, carry off the most obstinate cold; at the same time the delicate organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and new life, and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

Beware of counterfeits of all kinds! Some are coated with sugar; others are made to resemble in outward appearance the original medicine. The safest course is, to purchase from the regular agents only, one or more of whom may be found in every village and town in the State.

The genuine for sale by CHAS. H. CROCKER, Paris Hill; Charles Durrell, Oxford; J. Joseph H. Wardwell, Rumford; J. Blake & Co. Turner; Kimball & Crocker, Bethel; J. Conlidge, Livermore; Hiram Hinck, Hartford; Caleb Besse, Woodstock, and J. Howe, Norway.

New England Office, 198 Tremont Street, Boston.

WISTARS BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY IN THE OLD DOMINION.

We extract an article from the NEW ERA, published at Portsmouth, Va., and edited by A. F. Cunningham, Esq. He speaks of the

whole movement in the bitterest terms, as sustained solely by a knot of "gentle old gamblers and rousers," who have their head-quarters at the Union Club, Broadway; and by the off-scorings and dregs deposited by the subsiding puddle of Nativism.

THE FIRST TERM will commence on MONDAY, the TWENTY-FIRST day of February next, and continue TWELVE WEEKS.

TUITION. Common English Branches, \$3.00

HIGHER do do 4.00

Languages, 4.00

Instructions given in Music, Drawing and Painting, and Penmanship, for which extra charges will be made.

BOARD, in Families, at \$1, to \$1.50 per week. TUTTIXON, for the Term of eleven weeks, \$3.

For further particulars application may be made to WM. FRYE, Secy.

Bethel, Feb. 1, 1848. 4w31

GOULD'S ACADEMY in Bethel.

THE SPRING TERM will commence on the SECOND WEDNESDAY in MARCH, under the care of N. J. TRUE, A. M., whose experience and good success in Teaching recommends him to the confidence of the public.

Instruction will be given in all the branches usually taught in Academies.

Lectures will be given on the various branches of Natural Science, illustrated by experiments.

BOARD, in Families, at \$1, to \$1.50 per week. TUTTIXON, for the Term of eleven weeks, \$3.

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Bethel, Feb. 1, 1848. 4w31

NORWAY LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

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Bethel, Feb. 1, 1848. 4w31

PROBATE NOTICES.

WE subscriber hereby gives public notice

to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the estate of

DAVID WARREN, late of Hartford,

in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond, and the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons

who are indebted to the said deceased, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demand thereon, to exhibit the same to

AARON PARSONS, 41 Hartland, Jan. 4, 1848.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight—

ISAAC HEINTZ, Guardian of JAMES S.

HEINTZ and other minors, heirs of ABRAHAM HEINTZ, deceased, in said County, deceased, having presented his final account of his

estate, having paid over his final account of his

Guardianship of said minors.—

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the first Tuesday in March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause why any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

37 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight—

MOSES LASON, Executor of the last Will

and Testament of SAMUEL ROBERTSON,

late of Bethel in said County, deceased, having presented his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased.—

It was Ordered, that the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the first Tuesday in March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause why any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

37 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight—

JOHN SMITH, Executor of the last Will

and Testament of SAMUEL ROBERTSON,

late of Bethel in said County, deceased, having presented his final account

